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The Despairing Hero

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THE DESPAIRING HERO.

TUNE—"Despairing beside a clear Stream."

1.

DESPAIRING beside a falt stream,
The *Consul* was thoughtfully laid,
Th' Invasion of England his theme,
A Dæmon supported his head;
The winds that blew over the Main,
To his sighs did with horror reply,
And the waves in return of his pain,
Ran dreadfully murm'ring by.

2.

Alas! curfed fool that I was,
Thus sadly complaining, he cried,
The dread Ocean I never shall pass,
At Marengo I wish I had died;
How foolish was I to believe,
That *Britons*, for virtue so fam'd,
Should think, that my plans would deceive,
For fuch folly I ought to be damn'd.

3.

Or to think that a nation so free,
That liberty love as their eyes,
Would suffer my poisonous tree
In their rich plantations to rise:
What tho' I lie here and complain,
Tho' the Furies my temples have crown'd,
What tho' when they hear my sad strain,
They murmur—Hell smiles at the found.

4.

Ah! *Boney*, thy wishes are vain,
Thy murd'ring schemes lay aside;
For Britains are lords of the Main,
And Providence fights on their side:
They laugh at the force thou can't bring,
Determin'd their rights to defend;
They fight for their *God* and their *King*,
And on that *God* alone they depend.

5.

And you, my companions, so dear,
Who with homage have knelt at my feet,
Who now are all trembling with fear,
That my welcome you never shall greet;
That thro' the wide world your great fames
On the breath of foul vapours will fly;
Yet — and — still are names,
That in Infamy's records won't die.

6.

If whilst this firm heart I sustain,
Where no spark of humanity's found,
Yet terror still follows my name,
And my footsteps with blood mark the ground:
The last glorious thing that I do,
Is England to set in a blaze;
Then robbery and murder pursue,
And a temple to *Atheism* raise.

7.

Then to this favour'd country let's go,
Their beauty and gold bear away;
Their religion and laws overthrow,
And rapine and murder bear sway:
But, ah! what a train does appear,
From Egypt, these spectres so dire;
They seize me; "ye fiends, oh! forbear!"
To receive him, *hell blows up her fire*.